See Me Now

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See Me Now

by DoIAfraidYou

Summary

> “Do you believe in destiny? That even the powers of time can be altered for a single purpose? That the luckiest man who walks on this earth is the one who finds…true love?”
>
> -Bram Stoker’s ‘Dracula’
>
> •••
>
> (MODERN DRACULA AU!!)

Notes

> Yes, yes, another fix I need to finish! I don’t plan on making this a long one, I think this one might be shorter than the Only Lovers Left Alive AU.
>
> ❤️❤️

Lithuania

1462 A.D.

Prince Hannibal Lecter had made quite a name for himself. Leader of the Sacred Order of the Black Stag, everyone throughout the land came to know of the beast that comes out of the Lithuanian prince while in battle. He's been fighting ever since he was a young man, and he's never been defeated. Not until that day.

Though his bride, Alana, loved him dearly, the prince's heart belonged to another. While gaining support and troops for the coming war, Prince Hannibal met Galahad, a young knight that hailed from Britain. Despite his love and devotion to God, the Black Stag quickly fell for the young knight. Before and after every battle, they would meet in secret. They knew their love was an abomination but hey couldn't find it in them to care.

The day of the final battle came, and the Stag once again, was the first to shed blood. As the battle raged, Hannibal cut down one enemy after another, covering himself in dirt and their blood. Every time he tried to look for Galahad, another enemy would come and would be cut down as soon as they came.

Just as Hannibal saw victory ahead, he spotted his beloved knight across the bloody field. After cutting one man's head off, the knight looked up and around until he spotted his prince. The lovers smiled at one another until a sword was put through Galahad's back.

The prince's rage allowed him to take down three more enemies before running over to the injured knight. His killer turned to look at him and the Stag roared as he drove his sword through his face. The man was dead before his hit the ground and Hannibal fell to his knees next to his lover.

Blood was spurting from Galahad's mouth as he struggled to breathe, and he tried to speak as the Stag comforted him. "Do not speak, *Mylimasis*. Breathe, we are victorious."

The younger man smiled a little until he stopped moving. It took Hannibal a minute for it to fully sink in and when he did, he hung his head and cried. He cradled his lover's bodies in his arms, whispering sweet words in his native tongue. Then he looked up at the sky and screamed. They say his screams reached the Heavens. The Stag cried and screamed and cursed God as his beloved lie dead in his arms. "Is this my reward for defending them? For defending God's church?!"

Some of his men came up to speak to him, but the prince ignored them. "l renounce God!" He then looked down at Galahad and petted his curls. "I will find you." The prince kissed his forehead before turning to his killer. He looked down at the hole left by his sword, blood still pouring out from it, and he reached out.

He cupped his hand and a small amount of blood pooled in his palm. As he brought his hand up to his lips, he looked up as the sky, and smiled. "The blood is the life...And it shall be

mine!" The Stag drank every last drop of it and got more and more until his the lower half of his face was covered with it. As he licked his lips, the wind began to pick up, and a fire came alive in his stomach. As the fire spread all over his body, he hunched over in pain, still holding Galahad. Then he threw his head back and screamed again, reborn.

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Wolf Trap, Virginia

5 Centuries Later

Will has had the same dream every night for years. He'd be taken to another time and see a battle. The cries of horses, swords clashing, fire. Then he would be roaming the halls of the castle. Torch in hand, Will walked through the darkness, voices leading him to a room. When he would find the room, the door would open on its own for him, and he's go inside. All he would see is a four-poster bed, a sheet of fog hovering above the mattress. He could hear the voices of women speaking on top of one another.

Will.

Come play with us, Will.

Lie down.

Let us take care of you.

The torch would disappear from his hand but he never thought anything of it. He'd climb onto the bed and lie down, the fog disappearing. Lying back, he would close his eyes and waited for their hands. They never took long, and he'd feel three pairs of hands running all over him on top of his clothes, tearing them open. And just like that, they scatter away like rats.

The calloused hands of a man would replace theirs. He'd feel them slide up his legs, kneading the muscles of his thighs as he went further up, Will writhing and moaning as he would be touched. He never sees his face, only hears his voice. The man would suck him and make love to him for hours the darkness hiding his face. Every time Will reached up to touch his lover's face, the man would catch his hand and pin above his head. Then he would do the same with the other one before sinking his teeth into Will's neck.

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Once again, Will woke up sweating, his boxers wet, and the sheets off of him. It was still dark outside, and the dogs were sleeping in their spots by the bed. Rolling over, he checked the time on the clock and groaned. He has four hours left to sleep. Great.

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"How long have you been having these dreams, Will?" Said Doctor Bedelia Du Maurier.

Will shook his head and looked down at his hands. “Every night since my sophomore year of high school. Nothing much happened at first, but as I got older, the dreams became more and more…Sexual.” he knew he was blushing so he just looked anywhere else and the doctor nodded.

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about, Will. Our minds take in so much every day and can come up with the strangest of dreams. You’re not the only one.”

Will chuckled and leaned back in his seat. “Yeah. But there’s no one else on this planet who’s had the same dream of the same man—or whatever the hell he is—fucking them for years.”

The doctor frowned and said “I understand your frustration, Will—”

“No. No, I don’t think you do. I mean at first I thought nothing of it, I just thought it was going to be just a one-time thing. But no, this has gone on for so long, I don’t know what any of it means, he’s driving me insane. So is there anything you can do for me, Doctor Du Maurier?”

Saying nothing, Bedelia stood up from her chair and walked over to her desk. Will sighed and pulled off his glasses before rubbing his face.

When she came back, she was holding out a notebook. “This is for you. I want you to write in it every single day, about anything you want. It could help get rid of some tension.”

Taking the notebook from her, he looked at it before looking up at her. “This is the best you can do?”

“No, it’s not. Write in the journal every day and keep coming back here. I am here for you and I want to help you understand why you are having these dreams...And if you still believe I can’t help you, I could recommend a friend of mine.”

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Doctor Hannibal Lecter, Bedelia’s “friend”. Will didn’t feel like seeing another therapist, but he decided to give it a shot. And if this one fails, he’ll keep going to Bedelia. And if she can’t help him, then he’s fucked.

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Hannibal knew that Will had arrived as he came to stand by the window. He looked down and watched as his beloved pulled up to the building parked. As soon as he could spotted the dark curls he’s longed to touch again for centuries, he smiled. “See me...See me now.”

He watched as Will turned his head and looked up at him. The two stared at each other for a moment before his beloved blinked and walked up to the door.

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Just as he found what appears to be his office, the door opened and the man from the window smiled at him. “Hello. You must be Will Graham?”

Will froze where he stood. He knows that voice. The older man noticed this but still smiled and asked “Is everything alright?”

Will nodded and cleared his throat. “Yes, I’m sorry.”

“No, sorry needed. Please, come in.”

He stepped aside to let the younger man, the scent of atrocious aftershave hitting him like a punch to the face. Though it’s not the same scent, that’s stayed with him for centuries, it was beautiful nonetheless.

“How are you today?” Hannibal asked as he closed the door behind him.

Will shrugged and said “Fine, I guess.” He turned to face the older man and asked “What all did she tell you? Doctor Du Maurier?”

Hannibal slid his hands into his pockets and said “Only that she recommended me to you.”

His beloved nodded said “Right, I forgot...Doctor-Patient Confidentiality.”

“Yes. Please, sit.”

They both sat down in chairs that faced each other and the older man crossed one leg over the other. “What brings you here today?”

His eyes took in every detail of Will from his face to his clothes, and the more he looked at him, the more his heart swelled. Visiting him in his dreams is one thing but seeing him in person...So beautiful. The younger man wiped his sweating hands on his pants and looked down. “Work...I work as a profiler for the FBI, I’ve seen...Things you couldn’t begin to imagines, and it can be overwhelming.”

Hannibal nodded. “I’m sure it is. Anything else?”

Oh nothing, I just hear your voice every night while you fuck me in my dreams, no big deal.
“I’ve been having these dreams—”

“Nightmares caused from work?”

“No. It’s been happening since high school. The same dream every single night, and it’s never changed. You-You’d think after seeing death on a daily basis, I’d see dead bodies and blood every minute of the day. But I can’t...No matter how many times I try, I can’t dream of anything else.”

Hannibal titled his head to the side a little and drew his eyebrows together. “You wish to dream about such horrors? What is this dream about?” Though he already knew.

Will’s cheeks turned a lovely shade of pink as he looked away and the older man fought back a smile. “I know this is difficult for you Will, and I understand that you’re embarrassed. But I’m here for you, and you can tell me anything. Anything at all.”

Slowly but surely the younger man looked back at him before lowering his eyes. Not a fan of eye contact, Hannibal noted. Clearing his throat, Will took a deep breath and sighed. “The first few times I dreamt about it, I was taken to another time...15th century, I-I think. A war is going on. I can see men fighting, I can hear the swords, the horses. I can smell fire, I can almost feel the heat of it...”

He paused and looked up at Hannibal, who waited patiently, his expression unreadable. “Then I’m walking through a dark castle. I’m dressed different, and I’m walking around with a torch. These...I can hear these voices and they want me to go into a room and lie down on a bed. I try to see them but I can’t, but I can feel their hands on me. They tear off my clothes and they disappear, then someone else comes along. A man.”

“Do you know this man, Will?”

“No. I never get to see his face, but I know his voice...There’s something so heavy and dark about his presence, but I don’t feel threatened by him. He talks to me. Sometimes he’ll say things in another language and I have no idea what it means, but it sounds loving—”

He stopped again when he felt heat pooling in his stomach. His blush reached his neck, and he crossed his legs before continuing. “He um...Then w-we do...Stuff.”

“Such as?”

Will sighed and pulled off his glasses before rubbing his face. “Do I have to say it?”

Hannibal’s expression softened and after a moment, he shook his head. “Forgive me. No, you don’t have to say it. I want our time together to be as comfortable for you as possible, Will. Would you like to talk about something else? Work, perhaps?”

Relieved, Will sighed and smiled a little. “Yes please, thank you.”

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